



## THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I went to the Garden of Love,  
 And saw what I never had seen;  
 A Chapel was built in the midst,  
 Where I used to play on the green.  
 And the gates of this Chapel were shut,  
 And 'Thou shalt not' writ over the door;  
 So I turned to the Garden of Love,  
 That so many sweet flowers bore.  
 And I saw it was filled with graves,  
 And tomb-stones where flowers should be;  
 And Priests in black gowns, were walking their  
 rounds,  
 And binding with briars my joys & desires.

from the Songs of Experience page 18